

Red-Skinned Scapegoat

Cryptopsy

Shackled and confined within this tiny cell
I await punishment for a crime I did not commit
Flies and rats accompany me here

The bars gleam moist with condensation
As I sit throughout my last sunrise

This tiny island was called Admiral when I first arrived
Now it's overpopulated and infested

Framed for murder
Another red-skinned scapegoat
My hatred of diversity condemned me

The man they believed I killed
Was sitting at peace when he was shot in the back
His dining room table became his deathbed
Flimsy evidence supporting an airtight case
The murder weapon misplaced
Fallen coincidentally to the bottom of the lake

His wife glared at me in the courtroom
A devilish stare I will never forget
Her tear-streaked face radiated with a glint of hope
As the judge revealed his verdict

So now I wait as the sun slowly rises
Counting on my last hours
Pleading for forgiveness
Although I am guiltless

The time has now arrived they are standing outside my chamber
The noose has been set and the crowd has gathered

The noon sun blinds me as I approach the gallows
So much that I can't see my family weeping at the back of the square

Tied and bound with a burlap sack over my head
I can only hear what they are doing to me
The last thing I perceive is the gasp of the crowd
Just before the rope swings taut

Framed for murder
Another red skinned scapegoat
Left to hang
In another man's place
Framed for murder
Another red skinned scapegoat
Eternal red skinned scapegoat